THE TATLER.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, to MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1832.

THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

I am alone—and *how* alone?
Widowed, but not to weep
Above the one belov'd, and lost
In death's all dreamless sleep.

No—*he*, the husband of *my* heart,
Its early, only choice,
Yet lives; but not for me or mine:
We ne'er shall hear his voice.

Branded and banish'd, they have borne
Him o'er the bleak, blank sea.
O turns he, in his daily thoughts
And nightly dreams, to me?

Yes, yes, the love of early years
Will gush o'er heart and brain:
He now will think on all my love,
And all my wrongs, in vain!

Not mine the fault that ruin came
In word, in deed, in thought,
His happiness was all my aim;
No selfish joy I sought.

I deem'd there was no prouder form
Than his among mankind,
And never murmur'd o'er my fate,
But—when he was unkind.

I saw him sink from what he'd been,
Yet could not think he'd fall:
He was my hoard, my hope, my health;
And *now*—I've lost them all!

Yet not my wreck of peace I mourn;
My utterest pang is now
The pang that wrings *his* writhing heart,
That knits *his* burning brow.

He thinks upon his little ones
With tears he ill can stem;
For though he might be harsh to me,
He ne'er was so to them.

He used to go unto their bed,
When he came home at night,
Would kiss them as they slept, and say,
They were a blessed sight.

Ah! now they sleep, unconscious ones—
E'en this upon my knee;
And he that lov'd and bless'd them so—
Their father—where is he?

Gone, gone—belov'd but all bereft—
With heart-wounds ne'er to heal,
Which mem'ry and remorse convulse,
And fears for us congeal!

O a ill the deepest woe was mine
In all our wayward lot:
He could at times fling off—forget
His griefs, but I could not.

And now, this heaviest ill of all
With double pangs I bear,
The shame, unmerited by me,
And his and my despair!

But were it yet, as once it was,
Permitted me to stay
The anguish of *his* heaving heart,—
To wipe *his* tears away:

O could I find across the sea,
A path, though drear and dim,
I'd lock my children in my arms,
And wend my way to him.

Content, the coarsest crust I'd eat,
The scoff of scorners brave,
Tarry for him his term of life,
Then sink and share his grave.

One prayer—one little prayer—I'd breathe
For my lone orphan flowers,—
A prayer that their young hearts might prove
A happier fate than ours.

Then all my earthly duties o'er,
I'd sink at last to rest,
And breathe unaltered love's last sigh
Upon his pulseless breast.

M. L. G.

ZAIDE AND ZAIDA.

A TALE OF MOORISH SPAIN.

By Philo-Tcha.

[Concluded.]

Soon Zaida resolved what to do, and sent one of her female slaves to bid Zaide come to her balcony at the usual hour. The slave returned with the information that he would not fail, and moreover reported to her mistress, that Zaide had asked her what colours best pleased her mistress, and what ladies had visited her that day. Thus prepared, Zaida awaited his coming, and as soon as he approached, addressed him in the accents of calm indignation: 'Zaide! I beg of you that for the future you will neither frequent my street nor my house; bitter indeed is it to me, that by you of all others my reputation should be thus injured. Henceforth neither speak to my women, nor captives, ask not in what I occupy myself, nor who comes to visit me, what feasts give me pleasure, or what colours are to my taste. It is sufficient, that the colour now rises in my cheek with indignation, in that I have placed confidence in so unworthy a Moor. I acknowledge that you are valiant, and have killed more Christians than there are drops of blood in your veins. I own that you are a gallant horseman, and that you can both dance and sing; that you are noble and well brought up, and of unquestionable high lineage; that I lose much in losing you, and should gain much in gaining you; and had you been born dumb, it would have been possible to adore you. As it is, it would be necessary for the lady who would receive you as a lover, to make an alcazar (prison) of your breast, and place an alcayde (governor) at your lips. In the gardens of Tarfe you made a boast of the favours I had shewn you; and even before base-born Moors, you shewed your turban, with the tress of hair which my hands had placed in it. I do not ask you to return it me, and still less to preserve it; but I wish you to understand, that I feel myself disgraced, in that so unworthy a Moor possesses aught of mine. I wish not to hear excuses, and I once more warn you, that this is the last time you shall hear or speak to me: and recollect that *whoso thus does, thus should be rewarded.*' At these words she closed the window, and retired weeping to her chamber, leaving her unfortunate love more than ever plunged in grief.

For some time he spoke no word, and then broke out into a strain of incoherent exclamations, as if his mistress had been present. 'Sayest thou, Zaida, that I am unworthy of thee? It may be so; yet still I must adore thee; still must the ground before thy residence be watered with my tears, as it has long been. It is I who lose in losing thee, and would gain in gaining thee; and though thou hatest me for ever, yet never will I cease to adore thee. Thou sayest that if I were dumb thou couldst adore me; if to my misfortune I have not been so hitherto, I will now be so in making no excuses. Have I offended thee, my life? Wilt thou, lady, kill me? Though thou speakest not, thou commandest me, and with sorrow wilt destroy me. My bosom is now a prison of immortal torments, and my lips so silent that they need not an alcayde. Falsely do the Moorish men and women speak, and still more false is the villain Tarfe, who will expire with a single threat from me. Base-born dog! why did I shew him the turban, and confide my secret to so vile a breast? I swear by the holy Alà, that his life shall stream forth on my scymitar, and I will write in his blood the last words which thou, O Zaida, hast spoken to me,—"Whoso thus does, thus should be rewarded."'

At this, the furious Zaide rushed from the place, desperate at finding himself thus scorned, by the lady in whom centered every wish of his heart; more especially as he had been falsely accused. Sallying forth, almost devoid of reason, and wound up to a pitch of ferocious rage, he went in search of Tarfe, with the determination to slay him, and found him in the great square of the Bivarambla, giving orders to some workmen, relating to the public rejoicings which were about to take place, when he thus addressed him, in a tone of savage fury,—'Wherefore, base-born dog, hast thou dared to break the secret confided to thee in friendship, and thus turn the heart of Zaida against me? Speak, answer or die! At these words, he shook the dreadful blade over him. The villain Tarfe trembled at the sight of the well-known weapon, which had so often mowed down the Christian ranks, and in a faltering voice denied the charge. 'I have not injured you with your lady, Zaide: by Alà, I am innocent of the charge, and whoever makes the accusation against me, lies most falsely.'—'False villain, thou diest for that word,' retorted Zaide: 'it was Zaida herself who accused thee. Haste, draw thy scymitar, unless thou wouldst perish without a struggle, for, by the beard of Mahomet, thou shalt not escape me; quick, quick, or I pour forth thy craven blood.' Thus urged, Tarfe took courage from despair, and drawing his scymitar, stood upon the defensive, while Zaide, like an enraged lion, flew to the attack, and the workmen, who were spectators of the strife, ran off to call the guard.

Zaide, in his eagerness for revenge, exposed himself to the blade of Tarfe, who slightly wounded him in three places, and he chafed more furiously than ever at beholding his blood streaming from his wound. The contest was kept up with nearly equal dexterity on both sides, for a considerable space of time, until the sound of horses' feet were heard approaching the square, and Zaide, turning round, beheld a troop of Zegries coming up the street. While he was thus unguarded, Tarfe wounded him a fourth time, but the furious Zaide, now fearing to be defrauded of his revenge, by the approach of assistance to his enemy, regardless of a fifth wound which he received, grasped his heavy Marrueco scymetar in both hands, and made one furious stroke at his opponent, who lifted his weapon to the guard, but it was shivered in his grasp, and the descending blade cut through his steel-lined turban bit deep into his brain, and stretched him a breathless corse on the earth, while Zaide looked on him to see that his death was certain, and then exclaimed, 'Whoso thus does, thus should be repaid.'

The Zegries approached the spot, and seeing the death of their comrade, were about to revenge it by the slaughter of his enemy; but fortunately for him, just at this moment a party of Abencerrages came up to his assistance, and a general strife commenced. At the noise of the clash of weapons, those of the tribes of the Maças and Gomeles joined the Zegries; and the Gaçules Venega and Alabezes came to the assistance of the Abencerrages, while the city of Granada seemed to be near ruin with civil strife. Many of the combatants had fallen, when the King coming to the spot, at the head of a large body of the other tribes, at length, after great efforts, quelled the fray, and restored peace; and Zaide, as the author of the disturbance, was carried a prisoner to the Alhambra. The whole affair having been enquired into, Tarfe was found to have merited his fate by his treachery; the King therefore pardoned Zaide for his death, and as if to overwhelm him with felicity, he farther interposed his authority with the father of Zaida, to such effect, that he at last gave his consent for his daughter to espouse her lover. Zaida, as soon as she found that Zaide had been belied by Tarfe, quickly restored him to her favour, and the marriage took place, amidst every species of rejoicing. Their names have been perpetuated in a proverb, and to this day the people of Granada, in the event of a marriage, are accustomed to say, 'May they be as happy as Zaide and Zaida.'

PHILO-TCHA.

ENGLISH AUTHORS—PROFLICACY DISCOUNTENANCED—STORY OF LOUISA VERNON.

LETTER XXX OF MARGARET.

London, ——

DEAR EMILY,—I am very busily engaged teaching my young protegé his A B C, with other occult mysteries, who, though he is extremely fond of romping, is very docile and gentle. Moreover, of late my leisure hours have been much occupied by reading,—Sir William having recommended a perusal of the old English poets and dramatists, which he declares to be a treasury of delights too much neglected by general readers. I thought myself pretty conversant in the works of that age, Padré Ferguson's library containing the works of Shakspeare, Spenser, Drayton, Sydney, Bacon, &c. which I had perused with pleasure, and every time with renewed interest. But here arise a whole host, whose names, until of late, I never heard of—Webster, Massinger, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, Johnson, Marlow, and a long train. What a number of fine writers has England produced! I may be mistaken, or prejudiced by the pleasure I am now enjoying; but I think no other nation can compare with it in that respect. Most of the fine passages are scored by Sir William, which is particularly pleasant, as it not only points out the beauties, but is a delightful association, and seems as though we were reading them together. How unfounded is the assertion that sceptics seek to make proselytes: I asked Sir William for some controversial books; he advised me not to read them. 'You are contented, my sweet friend, with your creed,' said he, 'seek not to disturb that belief; for should doubts arise, you will have a painful and laborious task to dislodge fondly cherished feelings and opinions; an honest mind cannot be satisfied with less, or seek to evade conviction.'—Another curious trait in this man's character:—Many would suppose from the opinions he avowed in my last that he was a latitudinarian in regard to his intercourse with our sex; but my uncle says that, walking with him the other day, a gentleman from a carriage saluted him, and desiring the coachman to stop, alighted and gave him a most cordial invitation to dinner. 'We shall be only a select few,' he added, with ——— the actress and her sister.' Sir William

politely, but coldly, declined the engagement. The gentleman urged him, offering to introduce him beforehand to ————, who was then in his carriage; but to this proposition he was also averse, and rather unceremoniously wished him good morning. My uncle rallied him on his want of gallantry, assuring him that the lady was very handsome, she having regarded them from the carriage, evidently expecting they would pay their compliments to her. 'She is very beautiful,' said Sir William, 'and considered very fascinating; but without affecting any ultra virtue myself, I never will countenance heartless profligacy; and whilst I would devote my fortune and my time to rescue and soothe the victim of confiding love, I loathe the woman who, having talents by which she might live respectably, traffics for her favours, and thereby lowers the choicest blessing of our existence. You will think me fastidious, perhaps, but whilst my heart aches for the wretched street-walker, I turn with disgust from ————, notwithstanding all her attractions of person and manner, considering them as artificial, saleable, and heartless.

In continuation :—

Sophia has written a very elegant and affecting answer to my note, a copy of which I enclose for your perusal. Poor dear thing! it is evident that though her heart is replete with sympathy and affection, she shrinks from all intercourse with her fellow-creatures, lest they might judge her too harshly. Alas, alas, have we not all some hidden crime of pride, falsehood, envy, or meanness, which might predominate in the scale of divine justice against her frailty. I fear to ask myself this question, lest as a woman I should appear to undervalue what has been deemed our greatest charm; but without sully to the lustre of chastity, methinks charity might plead that a violation of its precepts should be held only equally guilty with other transgressions; which even in this world are forgiven, and the offender begins a new career upon a fresh character, for honesty, sobriety, &c.—Sir William regrets his cousin's timidity, which he considers a weakness; and were she in good health, he says he would endeavour to combat and remove; but being without hope of her recovery, all his efforts are directed to procure for her bodily and mental tranquillity. 'How different,' said he, 'is Sophia's conduct and character from that of Louisa Vernon, with whose history I became acquainted whilst abroad. Young, beautiful, and enthusiastic, she became infatuated with the writings of Rousseau, and others of our own nation, who, about the period of the French Revolution, so ably pointed out the many abuses of the existing state of matrimony, without specifying a remedy, or failed at least in procuring the legislative sanction to remove the evil. Louisa determined that love alone should fix her choice, and freedom from worldly ties prove the strength of her affection. Young Dorville was, or pretended to be, entirely of her opinions: they agreed to live together, and took up their abode in the south of Germany. Their conditions were love and fidelity; but if either were dissatisfied, a separation might be proposed, but with as little violence to the feelings of the other as the nature of the case permitted: *quarrelling* was agreed between them to argue dissatisfaction, and that if such should occur frequently, happiness had fled their union. Dorville was a good-natured man; Louisa was tender, beautiful, and reasonable; bickerings therefore were not likely to arise. But soon she discovered that her enthusiasm and energy of mind were ill answered by the indolent and somewhat selfish character of her lover. Still, though she might experience somewhat of mortification in this tardy discovery, she suffered it not to interfere but as little as possible with her plan of happiness, and avoided all those delicate refinements of opinion or passion, where they might chance to misunderstand each other. For three years she continued thus, but to some eyes, either envious of Dorville, or pitying her mistake, it was evident a shade of sadness sat on her placid brow. The infidelities of Dorville became at last known to Louisa; yet she forbore to reproach him, fearing lest jealousy, and not affection, might dictate the complaint. His family, about this time, came to settle in their neighbourhood, and Louisa requested that herself and two children might be introduced to them. He pleaded their peculiar situation, as a reason why she would not be received by them. 'But you will explain our motives; surely they must make some difference between a connexion like ours, where both parties are equal by birth and fortune, and utterly without interested motives, to a casual or mercenary traffic.'—'The world will not allow of such distinctions; my family would never forgive me were I to put such an affront upon them, as to introduce my mistress to my mother and sisters.'—'Can you really be in earnest?'—'Nay, Louisa, you are surely aware of the disgrace attached to a woman who lives with a man from choice, unsanctioned by matrimonial ties.'—'Certainly, I know that worldly prejudices are against us both; but we have determined to combat those prejudices by argument and example. Some things unpleasant we must encounter, if we wish to be reformers, but should not, without an effort, suffer good people to be against us.'—'I own I feel not at all inclined to suffer the pains and penalties of martyrdom in this cause.'—'But could you calmly visit your relations, and suffer your children and myself to be scorned and calumniated?'—'Nay, nay, now you are too serious; they will merely consider the affair as a *liaison* of youth; perhaps never notice it at all.'—'I will myself prevent the necessity, by dissolving the connexion at once; since it is impossible you can love the woman for whom you have no respect.'—Dorville laughed at, and endeavoured to dissuade her from this rash step, as he termed it. He knew she must be acquainted with his infidelities, and therefore his vanity suggested that she could not live without him, however he might sport with her affections; but although women, too spaniel like, will repeatedly kiss the hand that strikes them, their hearts must be sustained under such inflictions by the hope of latent remorse in their lover, and subsequent atonement and tenderness. Louisa, with her children, removed that day to a country house in the suburbs. The separation caused great surprise in many, and joy to some few, by whom she was shortly afterwards besieged with proposals, both sincere, and degrading;—to all she was courteous, but decisive in her refusals. This encouraged a hope in Dorville, that inclination for him still predominated.—He was, however, undeceived some few months after, when finding himself destitute of the thousand charms and comforts with which this amiable woman's society had hitherto furnished him, he sought for a renewal of their intercourse—'No, Dorville,' was her answer; 'your conduct has convinced me of the fallacy of our system. Whilst the risk is all on the female side, she alone the champion and martyr, no man will expose the woman he loves to such obloquy. At present my heart will not readily make another election, but should it ever do so, I will candidly avow my former opinions, which, though mistaken, I cannot consider criminal, and as a proof of my future lover's faith and confidence, he must consent to make me his wife, since without that title, he might himself feel that I was lowered.'

RESIGNATION.

(*From the German of H. Heine.*)

AT first, I almost did despair,
Believing I could never bear;
With God's help, I have borne,—but *how*,
For mercy's sake, require not thou!

C. H.

THEATRICALS.

Covent Garden.

Last night this theatre closed for the season, with (37th time) the Hunchback, and The Tartar Witch. The house was full, and the performance superlative. In the last act, Miss Kemble and Mr Knowles, we thought, surpassed even themselves. The applause was vociferous, and long continued. At the conclusion, Mr Bartley came forward and delivered the usual address of thanks*; but, before and at its conclusion, calls was made from all parts for Mr Knowles, Mr and Miss Kemble. After a time, Mr Knowles came forward, was received most cordially, and retired. The audience not being yet satisfied, Mr and Miss Kemble at length appeared, and met with a most enthusiastic reception; they seemed freely to enter into the enthusiasm of the moment, and no doubt with the thoughts of quitting the scene of so many professional triumphs, now converted into one divested of all seeming aid, and indicating real esteem, they must have felt the occasion to be in no common degree gratifying. Miss Kemble wore a nosegay, which, yielding to the happy impulses of the time, she threw forward into the Pit. After repeated bows and curtesies, they retired amidst universal cheering, and may health and prosperity attend them.

Haymarket.

Murphy's *Way to Keep Him* is a comedy of the second order; not very original, profound or witty, but lively and interesting, owing to the judicious use made of ordinary materials: moreover, the moral is excellent, and is not too obtrusively put forward, but seems to arise naturally enough out of the incidents. The proposition of the author is, that women take more pains to win than to keep the affections of their husbands; that before marriage, they are solicitous to display all their graces, and shew their capability to make a home delightful, and afterwards give themselves up to an indolent discharge of duty, contented with the reputation of being virtuous in the most confined application of the term. Accordingly, *Lovemore* in this play accounts for his being addicted to irregular pleasures by referring to the state of things at home; and his wife, a woman of good understanding, sees her mistake, and determines on the requisite reform. *Lovemore's* character is not to our taste; he commits some meannesses, such as opening and substituting letters, which are unnecessary exaggerations of his viciousness, and detract from the probability not only of his future amendment, but of his ever having been driven from home by the considerations he assigns. The play, as at present cast at the Haymarket, is not equal to some casts of past days, but it is on the whole very creditably performed; and they who have seen no other are not likely to be dissatisfied. Farren's *Sir Bashful Constant* is like almost all he does—excellent, certainly nobody now on the stage could perform it half as well. Cooper, in *Lovemore*, is an instance of how much may be done by diligent attention in a profession. His performances generally cannot boast of much originality, but if the model he studies happen to be a good one, he is not wanting in talent to play up to it: such is the case in this instance. The scene in which he returns home, and yawningly talks with his wife about his comfort, was very laughable; and so was that in which he and Farren both express their mortification at the manner in which *Lady Constant* receives a certain letter. Vining is a respectable *Sir Brilliant Fashion*, but we have seen him to more advantage. Of the ladies, Mrs Ashton makes a handsome *Lady Constant*; Miss Smithson, a cheerful, rather than a rattling *Widow Belmour*; and Mrs Faucit a spirited and judicious *Mrs Lovemore*: we never saw her play better.

We are sorry to say the house was not very well attended; a circumstance we cannot account for, the comedy being of established reputation, the actors favorites, and the theatre the best in the metropolis for seeing and hearing.

We saw *The Boarder* a second time, and laughed heartily at its humourous extravagance, and frowned at ourselves for not entering sufficiently into its drollery in the first instance.

* This address was well delivered, and as well received, with the exception of a part alluding to the introduction of the French performers, with Mdlle Mars and Mdlle Taglioni. This occasioned some hissing; it, however, gave way on its being stated that the regular season would not thereby be encroached on. As long as there was something additional, John Bull did not care; no one likes better enough for his penny.

Mr Knowles's Benefit.—A paragraph appears in yesterday's *Times*, copied from a weekly paper called the *Original*, accounting, after a fashion, for that gentleman's benefit being an indifferent one. The reasons assigned are,—the number of nights on which the Play had been previously acted,—Miss F. Kemble and others having also selected it for their benefits—and lastly, the lateness of the season. Now the number of these reasons is three, but their weight is nothing; for it is very well known to all regular frequenters of the theatre, that the Hunchback drew good houses up to the very night of the benefit, and also after that night; but that the benefit night itself was distinguished from all others by being the *least profitable*—the receipts falling considerably short of 300*l*.—though on other occasions they have been between 500*l*. and 700*l*. If we are asked how to account for this apparent neglect of a man of genius, we have but one explanation. A good benefit must be the consequence of the Box-places being taken, and these are not generally taken but on occasions which draw thither the nobility and gentry; few or none of whom were present on Mr Knowles's benefit, although both *before and after*, they were taking places for *the very same play*:—and, therefore, it was that Mr Knowles had not a good benefit. In other words, it is not the fashion for the aristocracy to attend the theatre on benefit nights; and although under all the circumstances, an exception might have been expected, in an age when even Lordlings write books and aspire to fellowship with men of the quill, it must not be forgotten that with the pleasure-taking part of the aristocracy fashion is supreme, they are indeed themselves a fashion, and will continue indifferent to most things else until like other fashions, they pass away.

A Blushing Honour.—During the debate on the address to the King the other night, Sir Francis Burdett made a very remarkable speech, very much in the style of a Tory aristocrat; in proof of which, nothing more need be said, than that Mr Croker, who followed on the same side, said he approved of every syllable uttered by the Hon. Baronet; and he went on complimenting him in an equally distressing manner.

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